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OF BOSTON

Received, July 1, 1914.









# TOWARD THE LIGHT

(*AD LUCEM*)

**"Nunc per speculum in ænigmate : tunc  
autem facie ad faciem."**

VULGATE, 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

**"Now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face."**

**"The world's a room of sickness, where each heart  
Knows its own anguish and unrest ;  
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,  
Is his who skills of comfort best."**

JOHN KEBLE.

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**NEW YORK  
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS**



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July 1, 1914.

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Georgina Lowell Putnam

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## PREFACE.

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THIS little book is sent forth with the ardent wish that it may be for the consolation of all who are "afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate." The selections are of set purpose, brief; for, as "holie George Herbert" saith, "a verse may finde him, who a sermon flies."

Grateful acknowledgment is due to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for permission to use selections from the works of Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Thaxter, and the Cary sisters.

The same is due also to Messrs. Roberts Brothers for their courtesy in allowing a selection to be made from the poems of Miss Rossetti.

MARY LLOYD.

CASTLETON, MD.



## AD LUCEM.

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DOMINE, fecisti nos ad te, et inquiètum est  
cor nostrum donec requiescat in te.<sup>1</sup>

*St. Augustine.*

CERTAIN it is, unless we first be cut and hewn  
in the mountains, we shall not be fixed in the  
temple of God.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

**WAS GOTT THUT, DAS IST WOHL-  
GETHAN.<sup>2</sup>**

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right ;  
His will is ever just ;  
Howe'er he orders now my cause,  
I will be still and trust.  
He is my God ;  
Though dark my road,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

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<sup>1</sup> Lord, thou hast made us for thyself, and disquieted  
is our heart until it find rest in thee.

<sup>2</sup> What God does is well done.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
Though I the cup must drink  
That bitter seems to my faint heart,  
I will not fear nor shrink ;  
Tears pass away  
With dawn of day ;  
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
My Light, my Life is he,  
Who cannot will me aught but good ;  
I trust him utterly ;  
For well I know,  
In joy or woe,  
We soon shall see, in sunlight clear,  
How faithful was our Guardian here.

*Lyra Germanica. — S. Rodigast.*

### CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint  
In this fair world of God's. Had we no  
hope,  
Indeed, beyond the zenith, and the slope  
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might grow faint  
To muse beyond eternity's constraint

Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope  
Must widen early, is it well to droop,  
For a few days consumed in loss and taint ?  
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,  
And like a cheerful traveller take the road,  
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread  
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod  
To meet the flints ? At least it may be said,  
"Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God."

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

REJOICE, inasmuch as ye are partakers of  
Christ's sufferings ; that, when his glory shall  
be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceed-  
ing joy.

1 *Peter* iv. 13.

### STRUGGLE NOT WITH THY LIFE.

STRUGGLE not with thy life ! the heavy doom  
Resist not, it will bow thee like a slave ;  
Strive not ! thou shalt not conquer to thy tomb ;  
Thou shalt go crushed, and ground, though  
ne'er so brave.

Complain not of thy life ! for what art thou  
More than thy fellows, that thou shouldst  
not weep ?

Brave thoughts still lodge beneath a fevered  
brow,  
And the way-wearied have the sweetest sleep.

Marvel not at thy life ! patience shall see  
The perfect work of wisdom to her given ;  
Hold fast thy soul through this high mystery,  
And it shall lead thee to the gates of heaven.

*Frances Anne Kemble.*

My will, dear Lord, from thine doth run  
Too oft a different way ;  
'Tis hard to say, " Thy will be done  
In every darkened day ! "  
My heart grows chill  
To see thy will  
Turn all life's gold to gray.

My will is set to gather flowers,  
Thine blights them in my hand ;  
Mine reaches for life's sunny hours,  
Thine leads through shadow-land ;  
And all my days  
Go on in ways  
I cannot understand.

Yet more and more this truth doth shine  
From failure and from loss,

The will that runs transverse to thine  
 Doth thereby make its cross;  
 Thine upright will  
 Cuts straight and still  
 Through pride, and dream, and dross.

But if in parallel to thine  
 My will doth meekly run,  
 All things in heaven and earth are mine,  
 My will is crossed by none;  
 Thou art in me,  
 And I in thee —  
 Thy will — and mine — are done.

*Churchman.*

### HOMESICKNESS.

O CIVITAS sancta, civitas speciosa, de longinquo te saluto, ad te clamo, te requiro.<sup>1</sup>

*St. Aug. De Spir. et Anim.*

It is not that the cross  
 Is heavier than this drooping frame can bear,  
 Or that I find no kindred heart to share  
 The burden, which, in these last days of ill,  
 Seems to press heavier, sharper, sorer still,  
 But I am homesick.

*Bonar.*

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<sup>1</sup> Oh holy city! beautiful city! From afar I salute thee, I call to thee, I yearn for thee.



**MY OWN DEAR WAY.**

LIST ! if you pray God's will be done,  
From rising to the setting sun,

And in your heart

There sounds a part, —

Though subtly soft it play, —

“ My own dear way ; ” .

You have not turned to heaven your soul

Nor given to God your being whole :

It is no prayer to ask his will,

And wish your own, expect it still.

*Anonymous.*

**“LIGHTEN MINE EYES.”**

DEAR Lord, the path is rough,

Gloomy and dark the night ;

With aching heart and faltering step,

I cry aloud for light.

And yet thy blessed feet

This self-same path have trod ;

E'en now, by faith, thy voice I hear —

“ Faint not ! the end is God.”

So, with blest words of cheer,

Lighten the darksome way ;

Bring to my tear-blind eyes

Visions of endless day.

*Margaret Peirce.*

## THE TURNED LESSON.

Is it not often so,  
That we only learn in part,  
And the Master's testing-time may show  
That it was not quite "by heart"?  
Then he gives, in his wise and patient grace,  
That lesson again,  
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Be near me when my light is low,  
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick  
And tingle; and the heart is sick,  
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame  
Is racked with pangs that conquer trust;  
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,  
And Life, a fury slinging flame.

*Tennyson.*

OH, Thou,  
In whom doth perfect patience shine,  
Whoe'er would fain be counted Thine  
Must wear Thy likeness now.

*Lyra Germanica — Paul Gerhardt.*

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;  
See how small each moment's pain ;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
So each day begin again.

Every day that flits so slowly  
Has some task to do or bear ;  
Luminous the crown and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care.

*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

OUR Lord God is like a printer, who setteth  
the letters backwards ; we see and feel well  
his setting, but we shall read the print yonder  
in the life to come.

*Martin Luther.*

NIGHT brings out stars, as sorrows show us  
truth.

*Anon.*

UNHAPPY, I say, are we, whose life is banishment, and whose way is perilous. We continue as yet in the streams of water, sighing after thee, the haven of the sea. Oh, our country, oh, our quiet country, we ken thee afar off : we salute thee out of this sea, we

sigh after thee out of this vale, and with tears  
we try hard to come unto thee.

Oh, Lord, with thy right hand govern thou  
our ship by the helm of the cross, that we  
perish not in the waves, and that the tempest  
of water drown us not, nor the deep swallow  
us up ; but with the hook of thy cross draw us  
back unto thee, our only comfort, whom we  
behold afar off, as the morning star, almost  
with weeping eyes, looking for us upon the  
shore of the celestial country.

*St. Augustine.*

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms  
Than he went through before ;  
And he that in God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

My knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with him.

*Richard Baxter.*

WHO best can suffer, best can do ;  
Best can reign, who first well hath obeyed.

*Paradise Regained. — Milton.*

GOD, who knows what trials each of us requires, distributes his gifts as his Providence sees best.

*Eugénie de Guérin.*

THOSE things which overwhelm us and upset our pride do more good than all which excites and inspirits us. . . .

The deeper the wound, so much the larger and the more painful must the probing be. . . .

The crosses which we make for ourselves by our anxiety as to the future are not heaven-sent crosses. . . . The crosses actually laid upon us always bring their own special grace and consequent comfort with them; we see the hand of God when it is laid upon us. . . . What! shall we be disheartened while God's hand is hastening his work? We are perpetually calling upon him to do it, and, so soon as he begins, we are troubled, our cowardice and impatience hinder him.

*Fénelon.*

### HOPE BETTER THAN EASE.

WISH not, dear friends, my pain away —

Wish me a wise and thankful heart,

With God, in all my griefs, to stay,!

Nor from his loved correction start.

In life's long sickness evermore  
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro ;  
We change our posture o'er and o'er,  
But cannot rest, nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still ?  
Let Him strike home, and bless the rod ;  
Never so safe as when our will  
Yields undiscerned by all but God.

The wanderer seeks his native bower,  
And we will look and long for Thee,  
And thank Thee for each trying hour,  
Wishing, not struggling, to be free.

*Kemble.*

THOU oughtest therefore to call to mind the more heavy sufferings of others, that so thou mayest the easier bear thy own very small troubles.

And if they seem unto thee not very small, then beware, lest thy impatience be cause thereof.

However, whether they be small, or whether they be great, endeavor patiently to undergo them all.

*De Imitatione.— à Kempis.*

THOUGH tangled hard life's knot may be,  
 And wearily we rue it,  
 The silent touch of Father Time  
 Some day will sure undo it.  
 Then, darling, wait,  
 Nothing is late.

He keepeth count; we come, we go,  
 We speculate, toil, and falter :  
 But the measure to each of weal or woe  
 God only can give or alter.  
 He sendeth light,  
 He sendeth night,  
 And change goes on forever.

*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

IN your patience possess ye your souls.  
*St. Luke xxi. 19.*

It is good that we have sometimes troubles  
 and crosses; for they often make a man enter  
 into himself, and consider that he is here in  
 banishment and ought not to place his trust in  
 any worldly thing. *De Imitatione. — À Kempis.*

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight,  
 no victory; if no victory, no crown.

*Savonarola.*

**PATIENCE TAUGHT BY NATURE.**

. . . . O THOU God of old,  
Grant me some smaller grace  
Than comes to these !

But so much patience as a blade of grass  
Grows by, contented through the heat and cold.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

DOMINE, da mihi modo patientiam et postea  
indulgentiam. — Lord, grant me patience here  
and ease hereafter.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

**THE FOOLISH HEART.**

. . . . COME then, mine heart,  
And willingly  
Submit thyself to suffer ; smile at smart,  
And death defy.  
Fear not to feel that hand correcting thee  
Which set thee free.  
Stripes, as the tokens of His love, he leaves,  
Who scourgeth every son whom He receives.

There's foolishness bound up within thee fast :  
But yet the rod



Of fatherly correction at the last,  
If blessed by God,  
Will drive it far away, and wisdom give,  
That thou mayst live  
Not to thyself, but Him that first was slain,  
And died for thee, and then rose again.

Thou art not only dull, and slow of pace,  
But stubborn too,  
And refractory, ready to outface  
Rather than do  
Thy duty : though thou knowest it must be so,  
Thou wilt not go  
The way thou shouldst, till some affliction  
First set thee right, then prick and spur thee  
on.

Top-like thy figure and condition is,  
Neither to stand  
Nor stir thyself alone, whilst thou dost miss  
An helping hand,  
To set thee up, and store of stripes bestow  
To make thee go.  
Beg, then, thy blessed Saviour, to transfer  
His scourges unto thee, to make thee stir.

*Quarles' Emblemes — School of the Heart.*

WISDOM is meek sorrow's patient child,  
And empire over self, and all the deep,  
Strong charities that make men seem like gods.

*James Russell Lowell.*

WRUNG from the troubled spirit, in hard hours  
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,  
Truth springs, like harvest from the well-  
ploughed fields,  
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

*Bonar.*

#### MARAH AND ELIM.

SOMETIMES God turns our bitter into sweet ;  
Sometimes he gives us pleasant water-  
springs ;  
Sometimes he shades us with his pillar cloud,  
And sometimes to a blessed palm-shade  
brings.

What matters it ? The time will not be long ; —  
Marah and Elim will alike be past ;  
Our desert wells and palms will soon be done ;  
We reach the city of our God at last.

*Bonar.*

To repel one's cross is to make it heavier.

*Henri Frédéric Amiel.*

LET come what will come — even death.  
Only be at peace with self ; live in the presence of God, in communion with him, and leave the guidance of existence to those universal powers against whom thou canst do nothing.

*Journal Intime of Amiel.*

WHAT, where, and when God pleases.

*Baxter.*

IBI festivitas sine fine.<sup>1</sup>

*St. Augustine.*

As the harp-strings only render  
All their treasures of sweet sound,  
All their music, glad or tender,  
Firmly struck and tightly bound ;

So the hearts of Christians owe  
Each its deepest, sweetest strain  
To the pressure firm of woe,  
And the tension tight of pain.

*Author of Schönberg-Cotta Family.*

CE n'est pas la victoire qui fait le bonheur  
des nobles cœurs, — c'est le combat.<sup>2</sup>

*Montalembert.*

---

<sup>1</sup> There is perpetual delight.

<sup>2</sup> It is not the victory which gives happiness to noble hearts — it is the struggle.

**THY WILL BE DONE.**

THOUGH dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh? —  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will be done."

Though Thou hast called me to resign  
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine.  
I have but yielded what was Thine ;  
Thy will be done.

Should grief or sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father, still I strive to say,  
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day ;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done."

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
"Thy will be done."

*Charlotte Elliott.*

MAN does not live by joy alone,  
But by the presence of the power of God.  
*Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton).*

### DISCIPLINE.

THROW away thy rod,  
Throw away thy wrath,  
O my God,  
Take the gentle path!

For my heart's desire  
Unto thee is bent:  
I aspire  
To a full consent.

Though I fall, I weep:  
Though I halt in pace,  
Yet I creep  
To the throne of grace.

Throw away thy rod:  
Though man frailties hath,  
Thou art God,  
Throw away thy wrath.

*George Herbert.*

THOU wilt make all his bed in his sickness.  
*Psalm xli. 3.*

AH, yet, when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head ;  
Still what we hope, we must believe ;  
And what is given we receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope,  
That, in a world of larger scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we  
That ampler life together see,  
Some true result will yet appear,  
Of what we are, together, here.

*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

### RESIGNATION.

LET us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors  
Amid these earthly damps ;  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! What seems so is transition :

This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

*Longfellow.*

THOUGH to-day may not fulfil  
All thy hopes, have patience still ;  
For perchance to-morrow's sun  
Sees thy happier days begun ;  
As God willeth march the hours,  
And whate'er we ask is ours.

*From the German.*

FAITH that comes of self-control.

*In Memoriam.—Tennyson.*

GOD appoints us to sufferings, that we may keep close to him, and that we may value the sufferings of his Son, which we should have a low notion of, did not our own experience teach us what it is to suffer.

*Sacra Privata.—Bishop Wilson.*

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more  
bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide,  
“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?”  
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies,—God doth not  
need

Either man’s work, or his own gifts. Who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His  
state

Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o’er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.

*Milton’s Sonnet on His Blindness.*

WHAT we call trouble is only the key that  
draws our heartstrings truer, and brings them  
up sweet and even to the heavenly pitch.  
Don’t mind the strain; believe in the *note*  
every time His finger touches and sounds it.  
If you are glad for one minute in the day, that  
is His minute; the minute He means and  
works for.

*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*



## HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on  
By paths we did not know.  
Upwards He leads us, though our steps be slow ;  
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the  
day,  
Yet, when the clouds are gone,  
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on  
Through all the unquiet years ;  
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts,  
and fears,  
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled  
maze  
Of sin, and sorrow, and o'erclouded days,  
We know His will is done ;  
And still He leads us on.

And He at last,  
After the weary strife,  
After the restless fever we call life,  
After the dreariness, the aching pain,  
The wayward struggles which have proved in  
vain,  
After our toils are past,  
Will give us rest at last.

*Churchman.*

WE should cherish our sorrows and disappointments: the prudent gardener cultivates the bitter herb as well as the sweet blossom and luscious fruit.

*R. M.*

### HOLD ON.

HOLD on, my heart, in thy believing !  
The steadfast only wear the crown ;  
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,  
Parts with his anchor shall go down ;  
But he whom Jesus holds through all  
Shall stand, though earth and heaven fall.

Hold in thy murmurs, heaven arrainging !  
The patient see God's loving face ;  
Who bear their burden uncomplaining,  
'Tis they who win the Father's grace :  
He wounds himself who braves the rod  
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold out ! there comes an end to sorrow ;  
Hope from the dust shall, conquering, rise ;  
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow ;  
The cross points on to Paradise.  
The Father reigneth, cease all doubt ;  
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out.

*From the German of Schmolke.*

SINCE the head has been crowned with thorns, the feet have never yet been permitted to walk on roses ; but God's times are the best times ; and when he intends you should carry a cross, be sure you will not want an enemy to lay it on your shoulders. *Anon.*

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope.

*Rom. xv. 13.*

### COVENANT HOPE.

*Romans viii. 28.*

"ALL things," dear Lord ! Is there no thread of woe

Too dark, too tangled for the bright design ?  
No drop of rain too heavy for the bow

Set in the cloud in covenant divine ?  
I know that all thy full designs are bright,  
That darkest threads grow golden in thy hand,

That bending lines grow straight, the tangled right,

The bitter drops all sweet at thy command.  
Command the sweetness, make the crooked straight,

And turn the darkly tangled threads to gold,

Swifter, dear Lord, I cannot longer wait ;  
Faith hath grown weary, longing to behold.  
I know the promise, but I crave the sight ;  
I yearn to see the beautiful design,  
To hail the rose-tints of the morning light,  
On these enigmas. Wherefore not receive ?  
Why watch the straightening of the bended  
line,  
Their bright solution ? Then a voice drew  
near :  
“ Blessed are they who see not, yet believe ! ”  
And One I knew approached, and wiped my  
tear  
With wounded hand, and sighed. — Ah, then I  
fell  
Down upon my knees, and held Him by the  
feet,  
And cried, “ My Lord, my God ! all, all is  
well ;  
With thee the dark is light, the bitter  
sweet.”

*Anon.*

UNDER no circumstances, whether of pain,  
or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable  
mistake, can it be true that there is not some-  
thing to be *done*, as well as something to be  
suffered.

*F. W. Robertson.*

To will what God doth will,  
That is the only science  
That gives us any rest.

*Longfellow, after Malherbe.*

**PER PACEM, AD LUCEM.**

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road ;  
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load ?  
I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet ;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
Lead me aright  
Though strength should falter, and though  
heart should bleed —  
Through peace to light.  
I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here ;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

I do not seek my cross to understand,  
My way to see —

Better in darkness just to feel thy hand  
And follow thee.  
Joy is like restless days, but peace Divine  
Like quiet night ;  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine  
Through Peace to Light.

*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

### THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not ; all our way  
Is night, — with Thee alone is day :  
From out the torrent's troubled drift,  
Above the storm our prayer we lift ;  
Thy will be done !

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint ;  
But who are we to make complaint  
Or dare to plead, in times like these,  
The weakness of our love of ease ?  
Thy will be done !

We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less,  
And count it joy that even we  
May even suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,  
Whose will be done !

Though dim as yet in tint and line,  
We trace Thy picture's wise design,  
And thank Thee that our age supplies  
Its dark relief of Sacrifice.

Thy will be done !

And if, in our unworthiness,  
Thy sacrificial wines we press —  
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars  
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,  
Thy will be done !

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,  
The anthem of the destinies !  
The minor of Thy loftier strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,  
Thy will be done !

*J. G. Whittier.*

**WE** must rest in the rims God puts us in.

*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

. . . . OTHERS' burdens lighter grow,  
Whilst thine are doubled. Ay, but He  
Who set the stars in heaven doth know  
What thy reward shall be.

*J. B. G., in Century.*

**ENTER NOT INTO JUDGMENT, O LORD.**

LORD, many times I am aweary quite

Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity, —  
Yet be not thou, or I am lost outright,  
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,

And enter with myself in fierce debate :  
Take thou my part against myself, nor share  
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things  
perverse

We know of our own selves they also knew ;  
Lord, Holy One ! if thou, who knowest worse,  
Shouldst loathe us too !

*Richard Chenevix Trench.*

AND He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of  
silver.

*Mal. iii. 3.*

To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

*F. W. Faber.*

So find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

*Shakspeare.*



"O WHEREFORE ! Are we naught to Thee ?

Like senseless weeds that rise and fall

Upon thine awful sea, are we

No more then, after all ?"

And like a voice eternal spake

That wondrous rhythm, and, "Peace, be  
still !"

It murmured, "Bow thy head and take

Life's rapture and life's ill,

And wait. At last all shall be clear."

*Celia Thaxter.*

So all who walk steep ways in grief and night,

Where every step is full of toil and pain,

May see, when they have gained the sharpest  
height,

It has not been in vain,

Since they have left behind the noise and heat ;

And though their eyes drop tears, their sight  
is clear ;

The air is purer, and the breeze is sweet,

And the blue heavens more near.

*Mrs. E. A. Allen.*

CONTEMN rest and thou shalt gain rest ; con-  
temn earth and thou shalt gain heaven.

*St. Chrysostom.*

O SOUL, be patient, restrain thy tears ;  
Have hope, and not despair.  
As a tender mother heareth her child,  
God hears a penitent prayer.

Console thyself with his word of grace,  
And cease thy wail of woe ;  
For his mercy never an equal hath,  
And his love no bounds can know.

Lean close unto him in faith and hope ;  
How many like thee have found  
In him a shelter and home of peace,  
By his mercy compassed round !

Then safe from sin and the sorrow it brings,  
They sing their grateful psalms,  
And rest at noon, by the wells of God,  
In the shade of his holy palms.

*From the Hymn of the Brahmo Somaj. J. G. Whittier.*

OTHER work for man is none  
But to do the Master's will ;  
Wet with rain, or parched with sun,  
Meekly I thy garden till.

*Robert Lowell.*

THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be :  
Lead me by thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.  
Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best,  
Winding or straight it leads  
Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;  
I would not, if I might ;  
Choose thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.  
Take thou my cup and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to thee may seem ;  
Choose thou my good or ill.

*Bonar.*

EACH hath his lonely peak, and on each heart  
Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears life-long  
With vulture beak ; yet the high soul is left ;  
And faith, which is but hope grown wise ; and  
love  
And patience, which at last shall overcome.

*From Prometheus. — James Russell Lowell.*

I STAND on the top, but I look not back  
To the way behind me spread ;  
Not to the path my feet have trod,  
But the path they still must tread.

And I have gained in hope and trust,  
Till the future looks so bright,  
That, letting go of the hand of Faith,  
I walk at times by sight.

*Phæbe Cary.*

WHEN the shore is won at last,  
Who will count the billows past ?

*John Keble.*

ART thou so weak ? O canst thou not digest  
An hour of travel for a night of rest ?  
Cheer up, my soul, call up thy spirits and bear  
One bad Good Friday, full-mouthed Easter 's  
near.

*Quarles' Emblemes.*

So Thou art with us, and dost deliver us  
from our miserable wanderings, and puttest us  
into Thy way, and encouragest us, saying, " I  
will carry you, and I will bring you to the end  
of your race, and even then I will continue to  
carry you."

*St. Aug. Confess. lib. vi. cap. xvi.*

## FIRES THAT TRY.

WHAT, what is tried in the fires of God?

And what are the fires that try?

All, all is tried in the fires of God,

And many the fires that try.

And what is burned in the fires of God?

All but the fine, fine gold;

And *we*, as far as our hearts are wrapped

In the raiment that waxeth old.

But what is lost in the fires of God?

Nothing that is not dross;

No tiniest grain of the golden sands,

Or the wood of the true, true cross.

And when will the fires of God be lit?

They are burning every day;

They are trying us all, within and without,

The gold and the potter's clay.

*Author of Schönberg-Cotta Family.*

"AMONG so many can He care?

Can special love be everywhere?"

I asked, and my soul thought of this:

"In just that very place of His

Where He hath put and keepeth you,

God hath no other thing to do."

*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

WHOM He will choose, He chooseth, some to  
honor,  
Some to dishonor ; this to be and bear,  
And that to dare and do ; these bear His  
swords,  
And these His chains.

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

. . . LOOKING back upon my past  
Wronged with so many a wasted hour,  
I think that I should fear to cast  
My fortunes if I had the power,  
And think that he is mainly wise  
Who takes what comes of good or ill,  
Trusting that wisdom underlies  
And worketh in the end — His will.

*Alice Cary.*

SOMETIMES the arrowy sharpness of a sorrow,  
Piercing life's common calm,  
Smites hidden rocks of comfort, which to-  
morrow  
O'erflow in healing balm.  
'Neath burdens that we stagger in the taking,  
We walk erect at length ;  
And bitter blows, that bowed almost to break-  
ing,  
Reveal our secret strength.

*Mrs. M. L. Dickinson.*

**THE AGONY AND VICTORY.**

I PRAY not, Lord, to be redeemed from mortal  
sorrow ;

Redeem me only from my vain and mean  
self-love ;

Then let each night of grief lead in a mourn-  
ing morrow ;

Fear shall not shake my trust in thee, my  
peace above.

O Way for all that live ! heal us by pain and  
loss ;

Fill all our years with toil, and bless us with  
thy rod :

Thy bonds bring wider freedom ; climbing by  
the cross

Wins that brave height where looms the city  
of our God.

O Sunshine, rising ever on our nights of sad-  
ness !

O best of all our good, and pardoner of our  
sin !

Look down with pity on our unbelieving mad-  
ness,

To Heaven's great welcome take us, home-  
sick pilgrims, in.

Spirit that overcame the world's long tribulation,

Try faltering faith, and make it firm through much enduring,

Feed weary hearts with patient hopes of thy salvation ;

Make straight submission, more than luxury's ease, alluring.

*Bishop Huntington.*

WHOM the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.

*Hebrews xii. 6.*

WEeping for a night alone endureth,

God at last shall bring a morning hour ;

In the frozen buds of every winter

Sleep the blossoms of a future flower.

*H. B. Stowe.*

ALL things come round to him who will but wait.

*Longfellow.*

WE should be from our clamorous selves set free,

To work or to pray,

To be what the Father would have us be,

If we had but a day.

*Mrs. M. L. Dickinson.*



## JOYFUL RESIGNATION.

THEN grudge not thou the anguish keen  
Which makes thee like thy Lord,  
And learn to quit with eye serene  
Thy youth's ideal hoard.

Thy treasured hopes and raptures high —  
Unmurmuring let them go,  
Nor grieve the bliss should quickly fly  
Which Christ disdained to know.

Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon ;  
The pure, calm hope be thine,  
Which brightens like the eastern moon,  
As day's wild lights decline.

Thus souls by nature pitched too high,  
By suffering plunged too low,  
Meet in the Church's middle sky,  
Half way 'twixt joy and woe.

To practise there the soothing lay  
That sorrow best relieves :  
Thankful for all God takes away,  
Humbled by all he gives.

*John Keble.*

I TRUST in God that all things that seem dark  
To my sin-shadowed vision shall be plain  
At the last day, when, like a glimmering spark,  
This life goes out to never burn again.

*Anon.*

IF you persist in serving God in one place or one way rather than another, you are serving him according to your will, not his; but if you are ready to go anywhere and do anything, if you leave yourself to be moulded entirely by his Providence, putting no limits to your submission, this is indeed taking up your cross and following him.

*Fénelon.*

#### IMPERFECTION OF HUMAN SYMPATHY.

Psalm xxxi. 7.

THOU knowest our bitterness — our joys are  
Thine ;

No stranger Thou to all our wandering wild ;  
Nor could we bear to think how every line

Of us, Thy darkened likeness and defiled,  
Stands in full sunshine of Thy piercing eye,

But that Thou callest us brethren : sweet  
repose

Is in that word — the Lord who dwells on high  
Knows all, yet loves us better than he knows.

*Keble.*

## BEAR THOU MY BURDEN.

WHEN love no refuge finds but silent faith,  
When meekness fain would hide its heavy  
head,  
When trustful truth, shunning the words of  
wrath,  
Waits for the day of right, so long, so long  
delayed ;  
Beneath the load of crosses and of cares ; —  
Of thwarted plans, of rude and spiteful  
words ; —  
Oh, bear me up, when this weak flesh despairs  
And the one arm which faith can lean on is  
the Lord's.

*Bonar.*

THE love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind ;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word ;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

*Frederick W. Faber*

## UNDER THE CROSS.

I CANNOT, cannot say —  
Out of my bruised and breaking heart —  
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,  
While blood-drops start  
From every pore, as I drag on, —  
“Thy will, O God, be done !”

I thought but yesterday,  
My will was one with God's dear will ;  
And that it would be sweet to say, —  
Whatever ill  
My happy state should smite upon, —  
“Thy will, my God, be done !”

But I was weak and wrong,  
Both weak of soul, and wrong of heart ;  
And pride alone in me was strong,  
With cunning art  
To cheat me in the golden sun,  
To say, “God's will be done !”

O shadow, drear and cold,  
That frights me out of foolish pride ;  
O flood, that through my bosom rolled  
Its billowy tide, —  
I said, till ye your power made known,  
“God's will, not mine, be done !”

Now faint and sore afraid,  
Under my cross, heavy and rude,  
My idols in the ashes laid,  
Like ashes strewed,  
The holy words my pale lips shun, —  
“O God, thy will be done !”

Pity my woes, O God !  
And touch my will with thy warm breath ;  
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,  
That quickens death ;  
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,  
And say, “Thy will be done !”  
*W. C. R., in Poems of Religious Sorrow, Comfort, Counsel,  
and Aspiration.*

Now no chastening for the present seemeth  
to be joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless, after-  
ward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of right-  
eousness.

*Hebrews xii. 11.*

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on ;  
Judge not the play before the play is done :  
Her plot has many changes : every day  
Speaks a new scene : the last act crowns the  
play.

*Quarles' Emblemes.*

HEARTS, like apples, are hard and sour,  
Till crushed by pain's resistless power ;  
And yield their juices rich and bland  
To none but sorrow's heavy hand.  
The purest streams of human love  
Flow naturally never,  
But gush by pressure from above,  
With God's hand on the lever.

*J. G. Holland.*

SORROWS humanize the race ;  
Tears are the showers that fertilize the world ;  
And memory of things precious keepeth warm  
The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor  
That have lost nothing ; they are poorer far  
Who, losing, have forgotten ; they poor most  
Of all who lose, and wish they might forget.

*Jean Ingelow.*

THE heart grows richer that its lot is poor —  
God blesses want with larger sympathies.

*From Legend of Brittany. — J. R. Lowell.*

TEMPORAL things more ravish in the expectation than in fruition ; but things eternal more in the fruition than expectation.

*St. Augustine.*

GOD did anoint thee with his odorous oil,  
To wrestle, not to reign ; and he assigns  
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,  
For younger fellow-workers of the soil  
To wear for amulets. So others shall  
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,  
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave  
cheer,

And God's grace fructify through thee to all.

*From Sonnet on Work. — Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

### GOD LIVETH EVER.

WHEREFORE, soul, despair thou never !  
Though thou tread with bleeding feet  
A thorny path of grief and gloom,  
Thy God will choose the way most meet  
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.  
For this long night of sadness,  
He will give thee peace and gladness.  
Soul, forget not, in thy pains,  
God o'er all forever reigns.

*Lyra Germanica. — Zihn.*

GOD is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

*Cowper.*

Is this Thy chosen training for some future  
task unknown?

Is it that I may learn to rest upon Thy Word  
alone?

Whate'er it be, oh ! leave me not, fulfil Thou  
every hour

The purpose of Thy goodness, and the work of  
faith with power.

*From the Right Way. — F. R. Havergal.*

### VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.<sup>1</sup>

LET us cheerfully offer our brief, frail,  
troublesome life to God — it is service rendered to him by the renunciation of what is really worthless. . . .

Bear patiently your cross of sickness. Your present vocation is to be silent, to obey, to suffer, to give yourself up to God for life or death. . . .

Acquiesce in all he does, without anxiously inquiring how he will do it.

*Fénelon.*

THEY who all for God surrender  
Bring their sheaves in heavenly splendor.

*Lyra Germanica. — S. G. Burd.*

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<sup>1</sup> The way of the cross is the way of light.



LORD ! who thy thousand years dost wait  
To work the thousandth part  
Of thy vast plan, for us create  
With zeal a patient heart.

*John Henry Newman.*

LIFE is joy and love is power,  
Death all fetters doth unbind ;  
Strength and wisdom only flower  
When we toil for all our kind.

Hope is truth, — the future giveth  
More than present takes away,  
And the soul forever liveth  
Nearer God from day to day.

*J. R. Lowell.*

HE sees when their footsteps falter,  
When their hearts grow weak and faint ;  
He marks when their strength is failing,  
And listens to each complaint ;  
He bids them rest for a season,  
For the pathway has grown too steep ;  
And, folded in fair, green pastures,  
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Psalm cxxvii. 2. — *A. M. W.*

WHO suffer here hereafter reign with Me, —  
If only they trail not their spirit wings,  
Or tire them by pursuing earthly things,  
For My eternity. *Alice Horton.*

## FAITH.

LOVE teaches more than doctrine can,  
And no pure hope will vainly yearn.

But all from depth of mystery grows,  
Which hide from us the rest of things;  
And good beyond what science knows  
To man his faith's high reason brings.  
*Sterling.*

WHOM certainly I sent . . . not to rest, but  
to bring forth much fruit with patience.

Dispose thyself not for much rest, but for  
great patience. *De Imitatione. — À Kempis.*

THOUGH hope seems now to have hoped in  
vain,

And Death seems king of all below,  
There yet shall come the morning glow  
And wake our slumbers once again.

*Lyra Germanica. — F. A. Krummacher.*

## CROSSES.

NEVER let my heart, O Lord, yield to sense, or  
time's desires ;  
Let me to the cross be bound, ever do as  
Christ requires ;  
Let me not in selfishness forge a heavier cross  
and chain,  
But in meekness, with thy help, carry what  
thou shalt ordain.

In thy school are divers orders, and thou giv-  
est each what's best,  
As thou grantest strength to labor, only lead  
me to thy rest.

*Anon.*

## CONTENT AND RESIGNATION.

FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me ;  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing thee.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,

Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatso'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts,  
To keep and cultivate ;  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at thy side ;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If thou be glorified.

*Anna L. Waring.*

PAIN is the deepest thing we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed to me more real and more holy than any other.

*Arthur H. Hallam.*

BE of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

*Psalms xxxi. 24.*

## WEARINESS.

THOU who didst sit on Jacob's well  
The weary hour of noon,  
The languid pulses Thou canst tell,  
The nerveless spirit tune.

From darkness, here, and dreariness,  
We ask not full repose ;  
Only be Thou at hand to bless  
Our trial hour of woes.

*Keble.*

THOU art as much His care as if beside  
Nor man nor angel lived in heaven or earth :  
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide  
To light up worlds or wake an insect's mirth ;  
They shine and shine with unexhausted store,  
Thou art thy Saviour's darling — seek no more.

*Keble.*

THE better thou disposest thyself for suffering, so much the more wisely thou doest, and so much the greater reward shalt thou receive ; thou shalt also more easily endure it if both in mind and in habit thou art diligently prepared thereunto. . . .

For with God it is impossible that anything,

how small soever, if only it be suffered for God's sake, should pass without its reward.

Be thou, therefore, always prepared for the fight, if thou wilt have the victory.

Without a combat thou canst not attain unto the crown of patience.

If thou art unwilling to suffer, thou refusest to be crowned. But if thou desire to be crowned, fight manfully, endure patiently.

Without labor there is no arriving at rest, nor without fighting can the victory be reached.

O Lord, let that become possible to me, by thy grace, which by nature seems impossible to me.

*De Imitatione. — À Kempis.*

NAY, He's not food alone, but physic too,  
 Whenever thou art sick ;  
 And in thy weak strength, that thou mayst do  
 Thy duty, and not stick  
 At anything He requires of thee,  
 How hard soe'er it may seem to be.

If thy Saviour think it meet to throw  
 Thee in the press again  
 To suffer as he did ; yet do not grow  
 Displeased at thy pain ;  
 A summer season follows winter weather ;  
 Suffering, you shall be glorified together.

*Quarles.*

## THE MEASURE.

“Who hath comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure?”

*Isaiah xl. 12.*

“Thou givest them tears to drink in great measure.”

*Psalms lxxx. 5.*

SHALL *we* then, who have issued from the dust,  
And there return — shall *we* who toil for dust,  
And wrap our winnings in this dusty life,  
Say, “No more tears, Lord God!  
The measure runneth o’er?”

O holder of the balance, laughest thou?  
Nay, Lord, be gentler to our foolishness,  
For His sake who assumed our dust, and turns  
On thee pathetic eyes,  
Still moistened with our tears.

And teach us, O our Father, while we weep,  
To look in patience upon earth, and learn —  
Waiting, in that meek gesture, till at last  
These tearful eyes be filled  
With the dry dust of death.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE best will is our Father's will,  
And we may rest there calm and still ;  
Oh, make it hour by hour thine own,  
And wish for naught but that alone  
Which pleases God.

He governs all things here below,  
In him lie all our weal and woe ;  
He bears the world within his hand,  
And so to us bear sea and land  
What pleases God.

What most would profit us he knows,  
And ne'er denies aught good to those  
Who with their utmost strength pursue  
The right, and only care to do  
What pleases God.

If this be so, then world, from me,  
Keep, if thou wilt, what pleases thee ;  
But thou, my soul, be well content,  
With God, and all things he hath sent ;  
As pleases God.

*Lyra Germanica.* — *Paul Gerhardt.*

THE woof of life is dark, but it is shot with  
gold.

*F. W. Robertson.*



WHY marvel though the clouds be black,  
The path be rough to tread ?  
Why thus impatient for a track  
Of pleasure in its stead ?

His path on whom we fix our eye  
Was never strewn with flowers ;  
How can we think on Calvary  
And give one thought to ours ?

Oh, who could bear to dwell at ease,  
Remembering what He bore ?  
Oh, who would sigh for what might please,  
When He was tried so sore ?

The cross was borne by all the rest  
Of His elected seed :  
They clasped it bravely to their breast, —  
And why should we be freed ?

Yea, in Thy mercy, not Thy wrath,  
Our trials Thou dost send ;  
Lest, if we should not tread their path,  
We might not share its end.

*Anonymous.*

THE night is darkest before the morn.

*Charles Kingsley.*

ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?  
“Come to me,” saith One, “and, coming,  
Be at rest.”

*St. Stephen the Sabaite.*

THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY.

TRULY, thou knowest not, and thou needst  
not know;  
Hope only, hope then, and believe always.  
I also know not, and I need not know,  
Only through questionings pass I to and fro,  
Perplexing those that sleep and in their folly  
Imbreeding doubt and skeptic melancholy;  
Till that, their dreams deserting, they with me  
Come all to this true ignorance and Thee.

*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

THE trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure, —  
What are they but His jewels  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to Heaven on earth?  
*St. Joseph of the Studium. — Tr. by Neale.*

THE healing of the seamless robe  
Is by our beds of pain ;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

*J. G. Whittier.*

### HE KNOWS.

I KNOW not what will befall me !  
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes ;  
And o'er each step of my onward path  
He makes new scenes to rise,  
And every joy he sends to me  
Comes as a glad and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me,  
As I tread the days of the year,  
But the past is still in God's keeping,  
The future his mercy shall clear,  
And what looks dark in the distance  
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future  
Has less bitterness than I think ;  
The Lord may sweeten the water  
Before I stoop to drink,  
Or, if Marah must be Marah,  
He will stand beside its brink.

My heart shrinks back from trials  
Which the future may disclose,  
Yet I never had a sorrow  
But what the dear Lord chose ;  
So I send the coming tears back,  
With the whispered word, " He knows."

*Mary G. Brainard.*

### TRUST AND OBEY.

THE ills we see, —  
The mysteries of sorrow deep and long,  
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong, —  
Have all one key :  
This strange, sad world is but our Father's  
school ;  
All chance and change his love shall grandly  
overrule.

How sweet to know  
The trials which we cannot comprehend  
Have each their own divinely purposed end :  
He traineth so  
For higher learning, ever onward reaching,  
For fuller knowledge yet, and his own deeper  
teaching.

He traineth so  
That we may shine for him in this dark world,  
And bear his standard dauntlessly unfurled :

That we may show  
His praises by lives that mirror back his  
love, —  
His witnesses on earth, as he is ours above.

Look on to this —  
Through all perplexities of grief and strife, —  
To this thy true maturity of life,  
Thy coming bliss ;  
That such high gifts thy future dower may be,  
And for such service high thy God prepareth  
thee.

What though to-day  
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason  
For his strange dealings through the trial sea-  
son, —

Trust and obey :  
In after life and light all shall be plain and  
clear.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Nor thou from us, O Lord, but we withdraw  
ourselves from thee.

*Archbishop Trench.*

O THOU, who dost our weakness know,  
Watch for us, that the strong hours so  
Not wean us from our wholesome woe.

Grant that we may long retain  
The wholesome memories of pain,  
Nor wish to lose them soon again.

*Trench.*

ADVERSITY is like the period of the former  
and the latter rains — cold, comfortless, un-  
friendly to man and to animal ; yet from thence  
come the flower and the fruit, the date, the  
rose, and the pomegranate.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

SWEET are all things when we learn to prize  
them,  
Not for their sake, but His who grants them  
or denies them.

*Aubrey de Vere.*

“WHAT pang is permanent with man ?  
From the highest,  
As from the meanest thing of every day,  
He learns to wean himself :  
For the strong hours conquer him.”

*Quoted by Trench.*

**PATIENCE.**

WERE there no night, we could not read the  
stars,

The heavens would turn into a blinding glare ;  
Freedom is best seen through the prison bars,  
And rough seas make the haven passing fair.

We cannot measure joys but by their loss ;  
When blessings fade away, we see them then ;  
Our richest clusters grow around the cross,  
And in the night-time angels sing to men.

The seed must first lie buried deep in earth,  
Before the lily opens to the sky ;  
So " light is sown ; " and gladness has its birth  
In the dark deeps where we can only cry.

" Life out of death " is heaven's unwritten law ;  
Nay, it is written in myriad forms ;  
The victor's palm grows on the fields of war  
And strength and beauty are the fruit of  
storms.

Come thou, my soul, be brave to do and bear ;  
Thy life is bruised that it may be more sweet ;  
Thy cross will soon be left, the crown we'll  
wear—

Nay, we will cast it at our Saviour's feet.

And up among the glories never told,  
Sweeter than music of the marriage bell,  
Our hands will strike the vibrant harp of gold,  
To the glad song, "He doeth all things well."

*Henry Burton, in Sunday Magazine.*

LOVE is dutiful in thought and deed.

*Wordsworth.*

HE is Thy best servant who desires not so much to hear from Thee what may be conformable to his own will, but rather to conform his will to whatsoever he shall hear from Thee.

*Confess. St. Aug. lib. x. cap. 26.*

SELDOM have I found such peace  
As in the soul's deep joy  
Of passing onward free from harm  
Through every day's employ.

*Dean Alford.*

RESTORED and comforted I go,  
To grapple with my tasks again ;  
Through silent worship brought to know  
The blessed peace that follows pain.

*Bayard Taylor.*



## FROM HOUSE TO HOME.

THEREFORE, O friend, I would not, if I might,  
Rebuild my house of lies, wherein I joyed  
One time to dwell : my soul shall walk in white,  
Cast down, but not destroyed.

Therefore in patience I possess my soul ;  
Yea, therefore, as a flint I set my face,  
To pluck down, to build up again the whole —  
But in a distant place.

These thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on  
them ;  
This cup is loathsome, yet He makes it  
sweet ;  
My face is steadfast toward Jerusalem,  
My heart remembers it.

I lift the hanging hands, the feeble knees, —  
I, precious more than seven times molten  
gold, —  
Until the day when from his storehouses  
God shall bring new and old.

Beauty for ashes, oil of joy for grief,  
Garment of praise for spirit of heaviness ;  
Although to-day I fade as doth a leaf,  
I languish and grow less.

Although to-day He prunes my twigs with pain,  
 Yet doth His blood nourish and warm my  
 root :

To-morrow I shall put forth buds again,  
 And clothe myself with fruit.

Although to-day I walk in tedious ways,  
 To-day His staff is turned into a rod,  
 Yet will I wait for Him the appointed days,  
 And stay upon my God.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

### EXAGGERATION.

. . . LET us leave the shame and sin  
 Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,  
 The holy name of grief ! — holy therein,  
 That by the grief of One came all our good.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

IN the world, not to be grieved, not to be  
 afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

*St. Augustine.*

BE docile to thine unseen Guide ;  
 Love him as he loves thee ;  
 Time and obedience are enough,  
 And thou a saint shalt be.

*F. W. Faber.*

**REST.**

My feet are weary, and my hands are tired,  
My soul oppressed —  
And I desire, what I have long desired —  
Rest — only rest.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,  
But God knows best ;  
And I have prayed, but vain has been my  
prayer,  
For rest — sweet rest.

*Father Ryan.*

LET nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee ;  
All things are passing ;  
God never changeth ;  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things ;  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting ;  
Alone God sufficeth.

*From the Spanish of Santa Teresa. — Longfellow.*

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise.

*Longfellow.*

**CROSSES.**

BLESSED by whom the cross is known ;  
God whets us on his grinding-stone ;  
Full many a garden's dressed in vain,  
Where tears of sorrow never rain.  
In fiercest flames the gold is tried ;  
In grief the Christian's purified.

Who wears the cross prays oft and well ;  
Bruised herbs send forth the sweetest smell ;  
Were ships ne'er tossed by stormy wind,  
The pole-star who would care to find ?  
Had David spent no darksome hours,  
His sweetest songs had ne'er been ours.

*Schmolke.*

**AFTER A DISAPPOINTMENT.**

O HEART ! be still. Why ragest thou ?  
Knowest not 'tis all in vain ?  
The Lord alone can give and take —  
Our deepest loss is gain.

No need to rage, or vainly seek  
What's flown beyond our ken —  
'Tis ours to patiently abide  
Till souls unite again.

*Edmund S. Middleton.*

**"A LITTLE WHILE."**

TAKE thou the message, weeping, weary one !  
Are not all things around thee hastening on ?

Thy Father's hand ordains

All these, thy griefs and pains ;

"A little while," they, too, are past and gone.

"A little while," look upward, and hope on !  
Soon shall the troubled dreams of night be  
gone,

The shadows pass away

Before the abiding day,

The Saviour comes to save and bless his own.

*Anon.*

WHEN a founder casts a bell he does not presently fix it in the steeple, but tries it with the hammer, and beats it on every side to see if there is any flaw in it. Christ does not presently, after he has converted a man, convey him to heaven ; but suffers him to be beaten upon by many temptations, and then exalts him to his crown.

*Anon.*

THY work this hour is patience.

*The Baptistery.*

**"AS HE IS."**

O KIND and gracious promise !  
O hope divinely fair !  
Not in the semi-darkness  
Of this sin-shadowed air, —

Nor with the partial seeing  
Of these earth-holden eyes,  
That see not rightly even  
What nearest round them lies, —

But in the full fruition  
Of heavenly light and bliss,  
With perfect heavenly vision,  
To see Him as He is !

To see Him in His beauty,  
His majesty, His might !  
His glory past conception,  
His love that rayeth light !

To know with what pure kindness,  
What wisdom wholly wise,  
He led us in our blindness  
By paths of sweet surprise.

Past lurking foes and perils,  
Past pleasure's smooth decoy,  
To taste, in heavenly mansions,  
Of heavenly light and joy !

O hope that most doth heighten  
My hope of heavenly bliss, —  
To see Him in His beauty, —  
To see Him as He is !

*W. M. L. Jay.*

PENANCE, not self-imposed,  
May make the whole of life a prayer.

*Faber.*

TIME melts the dross away and leaves the ore  
alone,  
And in a magic ring it sets life's opal stone.

*W. W. Story.*

LIFE is not spent on the heights where grand  
and sublime actions are accomplished ; virtue  
is composed of a long and uninterrupted series  
of small sacrifices, and requires the firm and  
tranquil resolution which does not run after  
duty, but holds itself ready for whatever God  
shall impose.

*Vinet.*

**IN SICKNESS.**

ALL the long day I seem to float away  
Through the gray mists that hide both sea  
and sun ;  
I hear the splash of waves, I feel their spray,  
And still my boat is drifting farther on.

Love cannot reach me ; death and night alone  
Are with me, and with ever deepening shade  
Curtain me round, till darkness thick has grown,  
And helpless hands are stretched in vain for  
aid.

God has forgotten ; only pain has life,  
And weakness, stealing soul and sense away.  
God has forgotten, and amid the strife  
I hear the unknown sea and feel its spray.

Faint through the darkness shines a tender  
light ;  
Soft falls a voice I cannot help but hear —  
“Through waters deep thou passest, yet thy  
sight  
Full soon shall know thy Lord was always  
near.”



Drift as thou wilt, my boat, if, as the tide  
More swiftly ebbs and bears thee out to sea,  
That love unchanging may with me abide,  
That voice still sound, that light still lead to  
Thee.

*Helen Campbell.*

UNMURMURING, patient, cheerful, pitiful,  
Prompt with the holy sufferer to endure,  
Forsaking all to follow the dear Lord,  
Thus did he make his glorious calling sure.

O soul, whoe'er thou art, walking life's way,  
As yet from touch of deadly sorrow free,  
Learn from this story to forecast the day  
When Jesus and his cross shall come to thee.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

It fortifies my soul to know  
That, though I perish, truth is so ;  
That, howsoe'er I stray or range,  
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.  
I steadier step when I recall  
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

TIME—which makes all things even.

*Anon.*

**SONG FOR THE WEARY.**

HEART, be still !  
In the darkness of thy woe,  
Bow thou silently and low ;  
Comes to thee whate'er God will —  
Be thou still !

Be thou still !  
Vainly all thy words are spoken,  
Till the word of God hath broken  
Life's dark mysteries, good or ill —  
Be thou still !

Be thou still !  
'Tis thy Father's work of grace,  
Wait thou yet before his face,  
He thy sure deliverance will —  
Keep thou still !

Lord, my God !  
By thy grace, O may I be  
All submissive, silently,  
To the chastening of thy rod —  
Lord, my God !

Shepherd, King !  
From thy fulness grant to me  
Still, yet fearless, faith in thee,  
Till from night the day shall spring,  
Shepherd, King !

*From the German.*

THIS tangled web of mine,  
Wherein I find so little good or fair,  
May yet, if trusted to Thy love and care,  
Take on a light divine ;  
And "through the glass " I see  
That even my mistakes, my faults, my sins,  
Have taught me how Thy comforting begins,  
And shown the way to Thee.  
How all these wrongs we see  
Can lead to right, I do not understand ;  
But ere the daylight breaks, I clasp Thy hand,  
And trust myself to Thee.

*Anonymous.*

HELP us to be grateful, we who live  
Such sordid, fretful lives of discontent,  
Nor see the sunshine nor the flower, nor strive  
To find the love Thy bitter chastening meant.

*Celia Thaxter.*

## HOPE ON.

STILL hope ! still act ! Be sure that life,  
The source and strength of every good,  
Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,  
And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.

To toil, in tasks however mean,  
For all we know of right and true, —  
In this alone our worth is seen,  
'Tis this we were ordained to do.

So shalt thou find in work and thought  
The peace that sorrow cannot give ;  
Though grief's worst pangs to thee be taught,  
By thee let others noblier live.

Oh, wail not in the darksome forest,  
Where thou must needs be left alone,  
But, e'en when memory is sorest,  
Seek out a path and journey on !

Thou wilt have angels near above,  
By whom invisible aid is given ;  
They journey still on tasks of love,  
And never rest, except in heaven.

*Sterling.*

FATHER, how can I thus be bold to pray  
That thou shalt grant me that, or spare me  
this ?

How should my ignorance not go astray ?  
How should my foolish lips not speak amiss  
And ask for woe, when fain they would ask  
bliss ?

Just as thou wilt is just what I should will ;  
Grant me but this, the heart to be content,  
And, if my wish is thwarted, to lie still,  
Waiting till puzzle and till pain are spent,  
And the sweet thing made plain which the  
Lord meant.

*Anon.*

GOD is all to thee ; if thou be hungry, he is  
bread ; if thirsty, he is water ; if darkness, he  
is light ; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.

*St. Augustine.*

PERHAPS He shows us things, sometimes,  
and puts them away again for us, to give us by  
and by, when we are bigger ; as mothers do  
with children's playthings that are too beauti-  
ful for them to have right off.

*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

**HOLY SUBMISSION.**

St. Luke xxii. 42.

O LORD, my God, do thou thy holy will —  
 I will lie still —  
 I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,  
 And break the charm  
 Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast  
 In perfect rest.

Meek souls there are who little dream  
 Their daily life an angel's theme,  
 Or that the rod they take so calm  
 Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

Thus everywhere we find our suffering God,  
 And where he trod  
 May set our steps ; the cross on Calvary,  
 Uplifted high,  
 Beams on the martyr host — a beacon light  
 In open fight.

Mortal ! if life smile on thee, and thou find  
 All to thy mind,  
 Think who did once from heaven to hell descend  
 Thee to befriend :

So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,  
Thy best, thine all.

“ O Father, not my will, but thine be done ” —  
So spake the Son.

Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder  
noise

Of griefs and joys ;  
That we may cling forever to Thy breast  
In perfect rest. *John Keble.*

THEY who reject suffering do not love, for  
love is ever ready to suffer for the Beloved  
One. *M. de Bernières Louvigny.*

O THOU, who art our life,  
Be with us through the strife ;  
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was  
bowed. *Anon.*

BE still, sad heart, and cease repining :  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining :  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.  
*Longfellow.*

**A GERMAN TRUST SONG.**

Just as God leads me I would go ;  
I would not ask to choose my way ;  
Content with what he will bestow,  
Assured he will not let me stray.  
So as he leads my path I make,  
And step by step I gladly take,  
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content :  
I rest me calmly in his hands ;  
That which he has decreed and sent,  
That which his will for me commands,  
I would that he should all fulfil ;  
That I should do his gracious will  
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I will resign ;  
I trust me to my Father's will ;  
When reason's rays deceptive shine,  
His counsel yet would I fulfil :  
That which his love ordained as right,  
Before he brought me to the light,  
My all to him resigning.



Just as God leads me, I abide,  
In faith, in hope, in suffering true ;  
His strength is ever by my side —  
Can aught my hold on him undo ?  
I hold me firm in patience, knowing  
That God my life is still bestowing —  
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go ;  
Oft amid thorns and briars seen,  
God does not yet his guidance show —  
But in the end it shall be seen  
How, by a loving Father's will,  
Faithful and true, he leads me still.

*Lampertus.*

### THE WORTH OF HOURS.

So should we live that every hour  
May die as dies the natural flower, —  
A self-reviving thing of power ;

That every thought and every deed  
May hold within itself the seed  
Of future good and future need ;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ  
Is to develop, not destroy,  
Far better than a barren joy.

*Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton).*

## TO SORROW.

SISTER Sorrow! sit beside me,  
Or, if I must wander, guide me;  
Let me take thy hand in mine,  
Cold alike are mine and thine.

Think not, Sorrow, that I hate thee, —  
Think not I am frightened at thee, —  
Thou art come for some good end,  
I will treat thee as a friend.

I will say that thou art bound  
My unshielded soul to wound,  
By some force without thy will,  
And art tender-minded still.

I will say thou givest scope  
To the health and light of hope;  
That thy gentle tears have weight  
Hardest hearts to penetrate.

*R. M. Milnes (Lord Houghton).*

SHALL they who drag their crosses aye in sadness,  
                    ness,

                    Their faces to the dust,  
Not carry palms at last, or know the gladness  
Of souls that rest and trust?

*Mrs. M. L. Dickinson.*

So brief the time to smile,  
Why darken we the air  
With frowns and tears, the while  
We nurse despair?

Stand in the sunshine sweet,  
And treasure every ray,  
Nor seek with stubborn feet  
The darksome way.

*Celia Thaxter.*

O POWER to do ! O baffled will !  
O prayer and action ! ye are one.  
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil  
The harder task of standing still,  
And good but wished, with God, is done.

*J. G. Whittier.*

GOD hath made sufferance to be thy work,  
and do not impatiently long for evening, lest  
at night thou findest the reward of him who  
was weary of his work : for he that is weary  
before his time, is an unprofitable servant.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

UNTIL the day break, and the shadows flee  
away.

*Solomon's Song iv. 6.*

## A PLACE WITH HIM.

O TIRED worker, toiling on life's weary way,  
With faithful hands so full they may not  
rest,  
Forget not that the weak of earth have one sure  
stay,  
And humblest ones by God himself are  
blest, —  
Who work for him.

Then courage take, true heart! and though the  
way be long,  
God's simple rule thy steps shall safely guide :  
"Love him, thy neighbor as thyself, and do no  
wrong,"  
In calm content they all shall surely bide  
Who walk with him.

So banish every fear, each daily task take up :  
God's grace thy failing strength shall build  
anew ;  
His mercy in thy sorrow stay the flowing cup,  
And his great love keep for thy spirit true  
A place with him.

*Samuel Dorrance Peabody.*

## DISCIPLINE.

“Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.”

*Micah vi. 9.*

LOVING correction, Lord, we humbly seek,  
For we are sinful, wandering, and weak ;  
Left to ourselves, our feet would go astray  
From heavenly wisdom's straight and narrow  
way.

But thou art holy, patient, wise, and just,  
Knowing our frame, remembering we are dust ;  
Help us to “hear,” and rightly understand,  
The “rod,” as held by thine almighty hand.

. . . . .

Some secret purpose has to be fulfilled,  
Some lesson taught, or murmuring stilled ;  
The process may be long, the mystery great,  
But whilst the Father works the child must  
wait.

To rise uncalled, to flee when unpursued,  
Ofttimes ensures lasting disquietude ;  
Just as the willow-twigg, at rest before,  
Touches the running stream, and rests no more.

All God's designs hold blessings in suspense,  
Which, falling, turn the wheels of Providence,  
And thus things hidden long are brought to  
light,

And many who have suffered wrong get right.

The hill of Zion shall be reached at last,  
When through the vale of Baca we have passed ;  
Our harps will be attuned, and many a lay,  
Learned in the night, be sung in endless day.

*Canon Bateman.*

If we would His consolations prove,  
In taking up our cross we lay it down,  
For He doth haste to make it all His own.

*" Elpis," in Sunday Magazine.*

### SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT.

God sets some souls in shade alone ;  
They have no daylight of their own ;  
Only in lives of happier ones  
They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night,  
Thy greater heaven hath grander light,  
To-day is close ; the hours are small ;  
Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

**THE MASTER'S TOUCH.**

In the still air music lies unheard ;  
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen ;  
To wake the music and the beauty, needs  
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand ;  
Let not the music that is in us die ;  
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us ; nor let,  
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke ; do with us as thou wilt ;  
Let there be nought unfurnished, broken,  
marred ;

Complete thy purpose, that we may become  
Thy perfect image, O our God.

*Bonar.*

TOUCHED with a first, fresh suffering,  
All solace is despised ;  
But gathered sorrows grow serene,  
And grief is neutralized.

*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

LINUM injuria fit melius, Christianus calamitate. — Flax is improved by severity, the Christian by calamity.

*Anon.*

TRIBULATION worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed.

*Romans v. 3, 4, 5.*

CORN is not separated but by threshing, nor men from worldly impediments but by tribulation.

*St. Chrysostom.*

TEARS for a day — for earth of tears is full —  
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

*Bonar.*

SINCE in a land not barren still,  
Because Thou dost Thy grace distil,  
My lot is fallen, blest be Thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill  
Some tares in me, which choke or spill  
That seed Thou sowest, blest be Thy skill!

Blest be Thy dew and blest Thy frost,  
And happy I to be so crost,  
And cured by crosses at Thy cost.

Thy dew doth cheer what is distrest,  
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest,  
In both Thou workest unto the best.

*Henry Vaughan.*



THE flax springs from the earth green and flourishing, but through much rough usage, and with the loss of all its native sap and verdure, is at last transfigured into raiment white as snow; thus the more that true holiness is tried and afflicted, the more brightly does its beauty come forth.

*The Venerable Bede on Rom. viii. 28.*

### ADEQUACY.

WE cannot say the morning sun fulfils  
 Ingloriously its course; nor that the clear,  
 Strong stars without significance insphere  
 Our habitation. We, meantime, our ills  
 Heap up against this good, and lift a cry  
 Against this work-day world, this ill-spread  
 feast,  
 As if ourselves were better certainly  
 Than what we come to. Maker and High  
 Priest,  
 I ask thee not my joys to multiply, —  
 Only to make me worthier of the least!

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

NEITHER shall there be any more pain.

*Rev. xxi. 4.*

**LIFT ME UP.**

**OUT** of my weary self

**O** lift me up !

I faint, the road winds upward all the way,  
Each night but ends another weary day.  
Give me thy strength, and may I so be blest  
As "on the heights" to find the longed-for rest.

**Out** of my doubting self

**O** lift me up !

Help me to feel that thou art always near.  
That though 'tis night, and all around seems  
drear,  
Help me to know that though I cannot see,  
It is my Father's hand that leadeth me.

*C. F. Parker, in Open Window.*

SORELY tried and sorely tempted,  
From no agonies exempted,  
In the penance of his trial,  
And the discipline of pain ;  
Often by illusions cheated,  
Often baffled and defeated  
In the tasks to be completed,  
He by toil and self-denial  
To the highest shall attain.

*Longfellow.*

I KNOW not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed he will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

*J. G. Whittier.*

BELIEVE that, however little of tangible  
present good you may have, you have the un-  
seen good of heaven, and the promise of all  
things to come.

*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

HE never sends any message that he doesn't  
mean. He means the comfort just as much  
as he does the blaming.

*Ibid.*

AH! let us hope that to our praise  
Good God not only reckons  
The moments when we tread his ways,  
But when the spirit beckons, —  
That some slight good is also wrought  
Beyond self-satisfaction,  
When we are simply good in thought,  
Howe'er we fail in action.

*Lowell.*

HELP me to look behind, before,  
To make my past and future form  
A bow of promise, meeting o'er  
The darkness of my day of storm.

*Phæbe Cary.*

AH, He, the Weaver up above,  
Who watches night and day,  
Will gather up the broken threads  
We idly throw away.  
He in His loving hand will take  
What ruthlessly we blight,  
And join, with tender care, the threads,  
And make them pure and white.

And yet — oh, life is long, so long !  
And holds so much of pain :  
So many quivering, broken threads,  
And many a blot and stain.  
And many yearning eyes that seek  
To see the mercy seat,  
Yet, dim with pain, they miss the way  
Before they reach His feet.

. . . . .  
In Heaven we shall know all.

*Charlotte L. Seaver.*

**WEARINESS AND REST.**

I WAS weary of my life,  
Weary of its daily strife,  
Of promises unfulfilled,  
Heart-beatings never stilled,  
Of changes oft repeated,  
And all that fortune meted,  
Alas, so weary.

I wished each day to die,  
Wished it without a sigh ;  
At morn I longed for night,  
At night I longed for light ;  
I hoped no other day  
Would drag its tedious way,  
I was so weary.

The world was all so dark,  
My blindness could not mark  
The light behind the cloud,  
The hope beyond the shroud.  
I tried, but could not pray ;  
My trembling lips would only say,  
I am so weary.

By chance, amid the gloom,  
I heard, "There yet is room ;"

He calls, "To Him is known  
The heavy burdens thou hast borne.  
He bids thee come — He waits,  
He lingers at the golden gates  
For *all* the weary."

Oh, words so blest, so sweet,  
That all the sorrowing greet !  
My cares on Him I'll cast,  
A weight of all the blighted past.  
His glorious cross I see,  
His blood drops shed for me  
And all the weary.

*Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson.*

THOU art still to be tried upon earth, and to be exercised in many things. Comfort shall be sometimes given thee, but the abundant fulness thereof shall not be granted.

Take courage, therefore, and be valiant as well in doing as in suffering things contrary to nature.

It is thy duty oftentimes to do what thou wouldst not ; thy duty, too, to leave undone what thou wouldst do.

*De Imitatione Christi.*

So thorny crowns 'neath which we bow,  
Which pierce with pain each aching brow,  
And fill our hearts with anguish now,

Shall blossom by and by —  
In fadeless summer's brighter clime,  
Beyond the reach of care or time —  
With flowers fairer in their prime  
Than roses in July.

*Ellen T. Fowler, in Sunday Magazine.*

### FAINT HEART.

WHAT! wearied out with half a life?  
Scared with this smooth, unbloody strife?  
Think where thy coward hopes had flown,  
Had Heaven held out the martyr's crown.

How couldst thou hang upon the cross,  
To whom a weary hour is loss?  
Or how the thorns and scourging brook,  
Who shrinkest from a scornful look?

*Keble.*

. . . YET I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward.

*Milton.*

## PURIFIED BY FIRE.

BUT first, by many a stern and fiery blast,  
The world's rude furnace must thy blood  
refine,  
And many a gale of keenest woe be passed,  
Till every pulse beat true to airs divine,  
Till every limb obey the mounting soul,  
The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.  
He who the stormy heart can so control,  
The laggard body soon will waft to heaven.

*Keble.*

O SOUL of mine, when tasks are hard and long,  
And life so crowds thee with its stress and  
strain,  
That thou, half fainting, art too tired to pray,  
Drink thou this wine of blessing and be  
strong !  
God knows ! What though the lips be dumb  
with pain,  
Or the pen drops ? He knows what thou  
wouldst say.

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

THY will be done forever and ever, O Lord,  
without *if* or *but*.      *St. Françoise de Chantal.*



EACH trial has its weight, which, whoso bears,  
Knows his own woe, and need of succoring  
grace.

. . . . .  
This be my comfort, in these days of grief,  
Which is not Christ's, nor forms heroic tale.  
Apart from him, if not a sparrow fail,  
May not he pitying view, and send relief  
When foes or friends perplex, and peevish  
thoughts prevail?

Then keep good heart, nor take the niggard  
course

Of Thomas, who must see ere he would trust.  
Faith will fill up God's word, not poorly just  
To the bare letter, heedless of its force,  
But walking by its light amid earth's sun and  
dust.

*John Henry Newman.*

A CROWN of thorns is the sad eternal symbol  
of the life of the saints. . . . Life is a series  
of agonies, a Calvary which we can only climb  
on bruised and aching knees. We seek dis-  
traction . . . we turn away our eyes from the  
*via dolorosa*, and yet there is no help for it—  
we must come back to it in the end.

*Amiel.*

**WATCH, PRAY, AND WORK.**

**CHEEK**, grow pale, but, heart, be vigorous !

Body, fail, but, soul, have peace !

**Welcome**, pain, thou searcher rigorous !

Stay me, but my faith increase.

**Sin**, o'er sense so softly stealing,

Doubt, that would my strength impair, —

Hence at once from life and feeling,

Now my cross I gladly bear.

**Up**, my soul ! with clear sedateness

Read Heaven's law, writ bright and broad ;

**Up** ! a sacrifice to greatness,

Truth and goodness — up to God !

**Up** to labor ! from thee shaking

Off the bonds of sloth, be brave ;

**Give** thyself to prayer and, waking, —

Toil some fainting heart to save !

*Frederika Bremer.*

**AND** there's no life so lone and low

But strength may still be given

From narrowest lot on earth to grow

The straighter up to heaven.

*Anonymous.*

**THE ROD.**

COME nearer, nearer still,  
Let not Thy light depart ;  
Bend, bend this stubborn will,  
Dissolve this iron heart.

Less wayward let me be,  
More pliable and mild ;  
In glad simplicity,  
More like a trustful child.

Less, less of self each day,  
And more, my God, of thee ;  
O keep me in the way,  
However rough it be.

Less of the flesh each day,  
Less of the world and sin ;  
More of thy Son, I pray,  
More of thyself within.

More moulded to thy will,  
Lord, let thy servant be,  
Higher, and higher still,  
Liker and liker thee.

Leave naught that is unmeet ;  
Of all that is mine own  
Strip me ; and so complete  
My training for the throne.

*Bonar.*

Who can be in love with such troubles and difficulties? Thou commandest that they should be endured, but not that they should be loved. No one loves what he endureth, though he loves to endure it. For, though he is glad that he patiently suffers it, yet he would rather not have it to suffer. In adversities I long for prosperities ; in prosperities, I apprehend adversities : what middle station is there between these, where man's life can be without temptation? There is a woe to the prosperities of the world from two things, viz. from the apprehension of adversity and the corruption of joy. And there is a woe to the adversities of the world from three heads, viz. from the longing after prosperity, from the uneasiness of the adversity itself, and from the frequent shipwreck of patience. Is not then man's life upon earth a continual temptation without any intermission?

*St. Aug. Confess. lib. x. cap. 29.*

**VICTORIOUS FAITH.**

I CANNOT hide that some have striven,  
Achieving calm, to whom was given  
The joy that mixes man with heaven :  
Who, rowing hard against the stream,  
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,  
And did not dream it was a dream.

*Tennyson.*

**A HEART AT REST.**

PREPARE, O Truth Supreme, through shame  
and pain,  
A heart attuned to thy celestial calm ;  
Let not reflection's pangs be roused in vain,  
But heal the wounded breast with searching  
balm.

So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,  
In full accord to all thy world of joy,  
May I be nerved to labors high and pure,  
And thou thy child to do thy work employ.

*Sterling.*

COURAGE, patience, poor, disconsolate soul !  
God is making a furrow in your heart, where  
he will surely sow his grace.

*Gold Dust. — From the French.*

## VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

THROUGH cross to crown!—and though thy  
spirit's life

Trials untold assail with giant strength,  
Good cheer! good cheer! soon ends the bitter  
strife,

And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at  
length.

Through woe to joy!—and though at morn  
thou weep,

And though the midnight find thee weeping  
still,

Good cheer! good cheer! The Shepherd loves  
his sheep :

Resign thee to the Father's will.

*Through* death to life!—and through this vale  
of tears,

And through this thistle-field of life ascend  
To the great supper in that world whose years  
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

*Rosegarten. — Trans. by C. T. Brooks.*

By patience man becomes more excellent,  
Finer than gold, clear as the firmament.

*A Kempis. — Tr. by C. T. Brooks.*

DEEP in many a brave and bleeding heart  
There lurks a yearning for the Healer's face —  
A yearning to be free from hint and guess ;  
To take the blessings Christ is fain to give.

*From Sonnet by Charles Tennyson Turner.*

YET, if we will our Guide obey,  
The dreariest path, the darkest way,  
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

*Trench.*

ADORATION and consolation are also two essential elements in religion, and we ought perhaps make more room for them than we do. . . . Hope is not forbidden us, but peace and submission are the essentials. . . .

The more a man loves, the more he suffers. The sum of possible grief for each soul is in proportion to its degree of perfection. . . . Suffering was a curse from which man fled ; now it becomes a purification of the soul, a sacred trial sent by Eternal Love, a divine dispensation meant to sanctify and ennoble us, an acceptable aid to faith, a strange initiation into happiness.

*Journal Intime of Henri Frédéric Amiel. — Tr. by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.*

THOUGH sharpest anguish hearts may wring,  
Though bosoms torn may be,  
Yet suffering is a holy thing ;  
Without it where were we ?

*Trench.*

So have we sufferings, so trust like His,  
So large repentance, born with many a throe,  
So zeal untired to better all that is,  
And peace of spirit even here below.

*Sterling.*

BLESSED be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort ; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so also our consolation aboundeth by Christ.

*2 Cor. i. 3, 4, 5.*

AH, no ! henceforth my own desire shall be,  
That He who knows me best shall choose for  
me,

And so whate'er His love seems good to send,  
I'll trust it is because He knows the end.

*From " The Changed Cross." — Mrs. Hobart.*



## VICTORIOUS THROUGH FAITH.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain ;  
His blood-red banner streams afar :  
Who follows in his train ?  
Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
And triumph over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below —  
He follows in his train.

A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed :  
They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain :  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

*Reginald Heber.*

AH, no ! God ne'er forgets his own,  
His heart is far too true,  
He ever seeks their good alone,  
His love is daily new ;  
And though thou deem that things go ill,  
Yet he is just and holy still  
In all things he can do.

*Lyra Germanica. — Paul Gerhardt.*

## IF WE KNEW.

AND so through this weary world we go,  
Bearing a burden of needless woe,  
Carrying hearts that are heavy and slow  
Under their load of care ;  
When oh ! if we only, only knew,  
That God is tender and strong and true,  
And that he loves us through and through,  
Our hearts would be lighter than air.

*Churchman.*

## ABIDING — UNFEARING.

I MAY not know, my God, no hand revealeth  
Thy counsels wise ;  
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,  
No voice replies  
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,  
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing  
Thy will always,  
Through a long century's ripening fruition,  
Or a short day's ;  
Thou canst not come too soon, and I can wait  
If thou come late.

*Susan Coolidge.*

**MISTS DISPERSED.**

O FATHER of eternal life, and all  
Created glories under thee !  
Resume my spirit from this world of thrall  
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
My perspective still as they pass,  
Or else remove me hence unto that hill  
Where I shall need no glass.

*Henry Vaughan.*

It is the cross of Christ which is divided throughout the world, not in particles of broken wood, but that cross which comes to each of us as his own portion of life. Thou, therefore, cast not thy portion from thee, but rather take it to thee — thy suffering, whatever it be — as a most sacred relic, and lay it up, not in a golden or silver shrine, but in a golden heart, a heart clothed with gentle charity.

*Luther.*

CAN I suffice for HEAVEN, and not for earth ?

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Do God's will — in his way.

*Bishop Samuel Wilberforce.*

LET our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light — for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity !  
O ye afflicted ones who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf !  
The Battle of our Life is brief ;  
The alarm — the struggle — the relief,  
Then sleep we side by side.

*From Longfellow's "Goblet of Life."*

ALL that is sent thee take with cheerfulness, —  
The wrestling of this world requires a fall ;  
Here is no home, here is but wilderness ;  
Pilgrim, advance ! Poor beast, desert thy  
stall ;  
Look up on high and thank thy God for all !  
Forsake thy lusts, and with thy spirit strive,  
And fear not, Truth shall save thy soul alive !

*Chaucer, modernized by Milnes.*

THY GOD hath said, "'Tis good for thee  
To walk by faith and not by sight : "

Take it on trust a little while ;  
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right  
In the full sunshine of his smile.

*Keble.*

OR if, for our unworthiness,  
Toil, prayer, and watchings fail,  
In disappointment Thou canst bless,  
So love at heart prevail.

*Keble.*

WE must bear the heaviest cross quietly, and not only carry or drag it, but abide crushed and buried beneath it. . . . A cross borne simply, without the ingenious additions of self-consciousness, is half lifted off us. Those who suffer with such loving simplicity are not only happy in spite of their cross ; they are happy because of it ; for love delights to suffer on behalf of the beloved, and the cross which likens them to their Beloved One is a bond of union which consoles them under its own weight.

*Fénelon.*

REJOICING in hope ; patient in tribulation.

*Rom. xii, 12.*

## SUBMISSION.

THERE lies thy cross ; beneath it meekly  
bow ;

It fits thy stature now ;  
Who scornful pass it with averted eye,  
'Twill crush them by and by.

Raise thy repining eyes and take true measure  
Of thine eternal treasure ;  
The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee  
naught,  
The world for thee was bought :

And as this landscape broad — earth, sea, and  
sky —  
All centres in thine eye,  
So all God does, if rightly understood,  
Shall work thy final good.

*Keble.*

No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein  
the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

*St. Hieronymus.*

. . . A LITTLE doubt below,  
And all will soon be plain.

*J. H. Newman.*

**WHY WALK IN DARKNESS?**

WHY walk in darkness? Our true light yet  
shineth ;

It is not night, but day !  
All healing and all peace His light enshrineth,  
Why shun His loving ray ?

Are night and shadow better, truer, dearer  
Than day and joy and love ?  
Do tremblings and misgivings bring us nearer  
To the great God of love ?

Light of the World ! undimming and unset-  
ting,  
O shine each mist away !  
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting,  
Be our unchanging day !

*Bonar.*

AND every life be made complete,  
Led upward by a higher will.

*Dora Goodale.*

THE trying of your faith worketh patience.  
But let patience have her perfect work, that  
ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

*St. James i. 3, 4.*

## SUBMISSION.

THY will be done! I will not fear  
The fate provided by Thy love ;  
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,  
I know that all is bright above.

The stars of heaven are shining on,  
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with  
tears,  
And though the hopes of earth be gone,  
Yet are not ours the immortal years ?

Father ! forgive the heart that clings,  
Thus trembling, to the things of time ;  
And bid the soul, on angel wings,  
Ascend into a purer clime.

There shall no doubt disturb its trust,  
No sorrows dim celestial love ;  
But these afflictions of the dust,  
Like shadows of the night, remove.

*J. Roscoe.*

. . . LIFE and death with God are one.  
Unchanged by seeming change, his care  
And love are round us here and there ;  
He breaks no thread his hand has spun.

*J. G. Whittier.*



PRAISED be thy sunny gleams,  
And the storm that worketh dreams  
Of calm unfinished !

Praised be thine active days,  
And thy night-time's solemn need,  
When in God's dear book we read, —  
*No night shall be therein.*

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE only perfect way for men in this world  
lies in daily renunciation. *Ellen Watson.*

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,  
They touch the shining hills of day.

*J. G. Whittier.*

"A LITTLE while," midst shadows and illusion,  
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell ;  
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,  
Whilst meekly owning, "He doeth all things  
well."

And He, who is Himself the gift and giver,  
The future glory and the present smile,  
With the bright promise of the glad "forever,"  
Will light the shadow of the "little while."

*Anon.*

## THE LULL OF ETERNITY.

ART thou patiently toiling, waiting the Master's  
will,  
For a rest that seems never nearer, a hush that  
is far off still ?  
Does it seem that the noisy city never will let  
thee hear  
The sound of His gentle footsteps, drawing, it  
may be, near ?

Does it seem that the blinding dazzle of noon-  
day glare and heat  
Is a fiery veil between thy heart and visions  
high and sweet ?  
What though a lull in life may never be made  
for thee ?  
Soon shall a "better" thing be thine, the Lull  
of Eternity.      *Frances Ridley Havergal.*

BE still, be still, and know that he is God ;  
Be calm, be trustful ; work, and watch, and  
pray,  
Till from the throes of this last anguish, rise  
The light and gladness of that better day.  
*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

IF thou endurest wrong for Christ's sake, he is a Revenger ; if sorrow, he is a Comforter ; if sickness, he is a Physician ; if loss, he is a Restorer ; if life, he is a Reviver. *Tertullian.*

Give no heed to your likes and dislikes ; keep up a general tone of unreserved dependence upon God's will. This is continual "death unto self." Refuse nothing to God, and do not go beforehand as to things in which you do not see his will clearly.

We turn all our troubles to good when we bear them patiently for the love of God ; but, on the other hand, we turn all that is good into evil when we use it to foster self-love. . . .

Blessed is the soul that listens so devoutly to God's voice as to forget to heed and pity self. *Fénelon.*

"Of sufferings and pains cometh *help*, for it is not possible by any other way to be ridded of our iniquity," says Plato ; a strain like St. Peter's is higher : "He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin."

1 *Peter* iv. 1. — *Matthew Arnold.*

## HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.

WHEN, unveiled by truth's compulsion,  
Life without a smile appears,  
And the breaking heart's convulsion  
Finds no vent in word or tears,

Naught can cheer the dark existence  
Which we may not fly from yet;  
But, with Fate's severe assistance,  
Though we live, we may forget.

Patience, quiet, toil, denial,  
These, though hard, are good for man;  
And the martyred spirit's trial  
Gains it more than passion can.

For while woe is broad and patent,  
Filling, clouding all the sight,  
Ever *Meliora latent*,  
And a dawn will end the night.

*Meliora latent* ever!

Better than the seen lies hid;  
Time the curtain's dusk will sever,  
And will raise the casket's lid.

While our seekings, lingerings, fleeings,  
 Most inflame us, most destroy,  
 It is much for weakest beings  
 Still to hope, though not enjoy.

Then, from earth's immediate sorrow  
 Toward the skyey future turn,  
 And from its unseen to-morrow  
 Fill to-day's exhausted urn.

*Sterling.*

AND I will trust that He who heeds  
 The life that hides in mead and wold,

. . . . .

Will still, as He hath done, incline  
 His gracious care to me and mine ;  
 Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,  
 And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter  
 every star.

*J. G. Whittier.*

THERE is only one real failure in life possible ; and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.

*Farrar.*

If thou seek rest in this life, how wilt thou  
 then attain to the everlasting rest ?

*Thomas à Kempis.*

THESE struggling tides of life, that seem  
In wayward, aimless course to tend,  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its appointed end.

*Wm. Cullen Bryant.*

I AM content to be so weak, —  
Put strength into the words I speak,  
And I am strong in what I seek.

I am content to touch the brink  
Of pain's dark goblet, and I think  
My bitter drink a wholesome drink.

Because my portion was assigned  
Wholesome and bitter — Thou art kind,  
And I am blessed to my mind.

Knowledge by suffering entereth,  
And Life is perfected in Death.

*From "A Vision of Poets." — E. B. Browning.*

O LITTLE heart of mine ! shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan,  
When all this God is all for thee,  
A Father all thine own ?

*Frederick W. Faber.*

## WEARY.

I WOULD have gone ; God bade me stay.

I would have worked ; God bade me rest.

He broke my will from day to day,

He read my yearnings unexpressed,

And said them nay.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

It is good for me, Lord, that thou hast humbled me, that I may learn thy righteous judgments, and may cast away all haughtiness of heart, and all presumptuousness. . . .

There is none else under heaven who can comfort me, but thou only, O Lord my God, the heavenly Physician of souls, who strikest and healest, who bringest down to hell, and bringest back again.

Thy discipline over me, and thy very rod itself, shall instruct me.

Behold, O beloved Father, I am in thy hands, I bow myself under the rod of thy correction.

*De Imitatione Christi. — A Kempis.*

ONE great lesson which we have to learn in the school of life is submission — submission to the unavoidable limitations of our nature and life.

*"School of Life." — Alger.*

So oft the doing of God's will  
Our foolish wills undoeth !

And who would murmur and misdoubt,  
When God's great sunrise finds him out.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

His cross is thine. If thou and He be one,  
Some portion of His pain must still be thine ;  
Thus only mayst thou share His glorious crown,  
And reign with Him in majesty divine.

*H. B. Stowe.*

GOD teaches us wisdom in divers ways.  
Why he suffers some people to have so many  
troubles, and so little of what we call pleasure  
in this world, we cannot in this world know.  
The heaviest blows often fall on the weakest  
shoulders, and how these endure and bear up  
under them is another of the things which God  
knows better than we.

*Juliana H. Ewing.*

THERE is no calm like that when storm is done ;  
There is no pleasure keen as pain's release ;  
There is no joy that lies so deep as peace,  
No peace so deep as that by struggle won.

*Helen Gray Cone.*



WHEN sorrow, pain, and trial sore  
Their waves upon our spirits pour ;  
And floods of bitterness in wrath  
Shed all their fury in our path ; —  
O Christ, our stay and succor be,  
“ As we do put our trust in Thee ! ”

*Maida Buon, in Churchman.*

AND I smiled to think God's greatness flowed  
around our incompleteness, —  
Round our restlessness, His rest.

*E. B. Browning.*

SAY not, my soul, “ From whence can God re-  
lease my care ? ”

Remember that Omnipotence hath servants  
everywhere ;

His method is sublime, his heart profoundly  
kind ;

God never is before his time, and never is  
behind.

*Anon.*

THE conquering commander triumpheth, yet  
had he not conquered unless he had fought ;  
and the more peril there was in the battle, so  
much the more joy is in the triumph.

*St. Aug. — “ Confessions.”*

## "AFTERWARD."

*Heb. xii. 11.*

WHAT shall thine "afterward" be, O Lord?  
How long must thy child endure?  
Thou knowest! 'Tis well that I know it not!  
Thine "afterward" cometh—I cannot tell  
what,  
But I know that thy word is sure.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

COMETH sunshine after rain. *Gerhardt.*

NOT what we wish, but what we want,  
Let mercy still supply;  
The good we ask not, Father, grant;  
The ill we ask, deny.

*James Merrick.*

THE work God has given me to do is to amend whatever is amiss in my natural disposition—that is what he would have me to do; correct my faults, sanctify my desires and longings, become more patient, more meek and lowly of heart.

*Fénelon.*

IT is given us either to do or to suffer.

*St. Theresa.*

WHEN sorrow all our heart would ask,  
We need not shun our daily task,  
And hide ourselves for calm ;  
The herbs we seek to heal our woe  
Familiar by our pathway grow,  
Our common air is balm.

*Keble.*

WHEN we are ignorant, God is wise ; when  
we stand blindly in the dark, he is in the light.

*Phillips Brooks.*

THINGS of price are bought with pains,  
The pleasing way is not the right :  
He that would conquer heaven must fight.

*Quarles.*

THERE is light without darkness ; joy without  
grief ; desire without punishment ; love  
without sadness ; satiety without loathing ;  
safety without fear ; health without disease ;  
and life without death.

*St. Gregory.*

THOU knowest what is expedient for my  
spiritual progress and how greatly tribulation  
serves to scour off the rust of sins.

*A Kempis (see Rom. viii. 18).*

## A HYMN OF TRUST.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,  
And hope in him whate'er betide ;  
Thou'lt find him in the evil days  
An all-sufficient strength and guide.  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love  
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,  
These never ceasing moans and sighs ?  
What can it help us to bewail  
Each painful moment as it flies ?  
Our cross and trials do but press  
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only your restless heart keep still,  
And wait in cheerful hope, content  
To take whate'er His gracious will,  
His all-discerning love has sent ;  
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known  
To Him who chose us for his own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,  
He sends them as he sees it meet ;  
When thou hast borne the fiery test,  
And now art freed from all deceit,

He comes to thee all unaware,  
And makes thee own his loving care.

Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,  
Think God has cast thee off unheard ;  
Nor that the man whose prosperous life  
Thou enviest, is of him preferred ;  
Time passes, and much change doth bring,  
And sets a bound to everything.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways,  
But do thine own part faithfully ;  
Trust his rich promises of grace,  
So shall it be fulfilled in thee ;  
God never yet forsook at need  
The soul that trusted him indeed.

*From the German.*

WE should find great peace if we would imbue ourselves with this thought, that we are here solely to accomplish the will of God ; that that will is accomplished from day to day ; and that he who dies leaving his work unfinished is just as far advanced in the eyes of Supreme Justice as he who has leisure to accomplish it fully.

*Frédéric Ozanam.*

WITH other ministrations, thou, O Nature,  
 Healest thy wandering and distempered child ;  
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,  
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing  
     sweets,  
 Thy melodies of woods and winds and waters !  
 Till he relent, and can no more endure  
 To be a jarring and dissonant thing  
 Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;  
 But bursting into tears wins back his way,  
 His angry spirit healed and harmonized  
 By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

S. T. Coleridge.

### THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

*De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus.*<sup>1</sup>

St. Augustine.

STANDING on what we too long bore  
 With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
 We may discern — unseen before,  
 A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
 To something nobler we attain.

Longfellow.

---

<sup>1</sup> Of our very faults we make for ourselves a ladder  
 if only we tread them under our feet,

## THE PRAISE OF PATIENCE.

MANY are the sayings of the wise,  
In ancient and in modern books enrolled,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life,  
Consolatories writ  
With studied argument, and much persuasion  
sought,  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,  
But with the afflicted in his pangs their  
sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his com-  
plaint,  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,  
Secret refreshings that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.

*From Samson Agonistes. — Milton.*

GOD calls himself *I Am*, leaving a blank  
which each soul can fill up with that which is  
most precious to himself.

*Anon.*

## TU NE QUÆSIERIS.

ONLY the present is thy part and fee ;  
And happy thou,  
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,  
Thou couldst well see  
What present things require of thee.

God chains the dog till night ; wilt loose the  
chain ?

And wake thy sorrow ?  
Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve for to-  
morrow,  
And then again  
Grieve over freshly all thy pain ?

Either grief will not come, or if it must,  
Do not forecast :  
And while it cometh, it is almost past.  
Away distrust !  
My God hath promised : he is just.

*George Herbert.*

THE God of patience and consolation.

*Rom. xv. 5.*



## DREAMS AND REALITIES.

SOMETIMES, I think, the things we see  
Are shadows of the things to be ;  
That what we plan, we build ;  
That every hope that hath been crossed,  
And every dream we thought was lost,  
In heaven shall be fulfilled.

And when on that last day we rise,  
Caught up between the earth and skies,  
Then shall we hear our Lord  
Say, "Thou hast done with doubt and death ;  
Henceforth, according to thy faith,  
Shall be thy faith's reward."

*Phæbe Cary.*

I WISH thee to learn perfect resignation of  
thyself to My will, without contradiction or  
complaint.

The more thou canst go out of thyself, so  
much the more thou wilt be able to enter into  
Me.

Patience and humility in adversity are more  
pleasing to Me than much comfort and devo-  
tion when things go well.

*De Imitatione Christi. — A Kempis.*

## CARPE DIEM.

WE live not in our moments or our years :  
The present we fling from us like the rind  
Of some sweet future, which we after find  
Bitter to taste, or bind in that with fears,  
And water it beforehand with our tears —  
Vain tears for that which never may arrive ;  
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live,  
Neglected or unheeded, disappears.  
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours  
Whate'er of good, though small, the present  
brings —  
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and  
flowers,  
With a child's pure delight in little things ;  
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,  
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

*Trench.*

How often one dead joy appears  
The platform of some better hope !  
And, let us own, the sharpest smart  
Which human patience may endure,  
Pays light for that which leaves the heart  
More generous, dignified, and pure.

*Coventry Patmore.*

**THE THORN IN THE FLESH.**

LORD, may I plead with thee, pluck out this  
thorn,

And bid at length this messenger depart ?  
Or still must all these buffetings be borne,  
And still the endurance of this long, long  
smart ?

To keep me feeble, that thy power alone  
May be revealed in this my weakness still ;  
That thou mayst be exalted, I brought down ;  
Thou glorified, I moulded to thy will ; — ✠

Is such thy purpose with me, O my God ?  
Peace, then, my soul, and hush impatient  
cries !

I take the thorn, and I accept the rod,  
And glory only in infirmities.

Welcome the weary, bitter buffeting !  
'Tis Satan's messenger ; yet all is love ;  
His sharpest thorn for me has lost its sting,  
And comes, a gentle angel, from above.

*Bonar.*

HE maketh sore, and bindeth up ; He wound-  
eth, and His hands make whole. *Job v. 18.*

## DE PROFUNDIS.

FOR us, whatever's undergone,  
Thou knowest, willest, what is done.  
Grief may be joy misunderstood ;  
Only the good discerns the good,  
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won ;  
We will not struggle nor impugn ;  
Perhaps the cup was broken here  
That heaven's new wine may show more  
clear.

I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on ;  
I love Thee while my days go on ;  
Through dark and dearth, through fire  
and frost,  
With emptied arms and treasure lost,  
I thank Thee while my days go on.

And having in my life-depth thrown  
Being and suffering (which are one),  
As a child drops his pebble small  
Down some deep well, and hears it fall  
Smiling, — so I, THY DAYS GO ON.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

GOD is very ingenious in making crosses for us. . . . He makes crosses of whatever we love best, and turns all to bitterness. . . . In suffering, the only thing to be done is to suffer silently in God's presence. . . . Depression, illness, oppression of the brain, faintness, exhaustion, interruptions, restraints, all are sent by God. . . .

Your great sensitiveness does not depend upon yourself; God lets it form part of some people's natural temperament in order to train and discipline them, and then he sees fit not to remove it, but rather to use it for their sanctification. Their part is to enter into his views for them. . . . He often uses ourselves as well as others as instruments of our own discipline. . . . Strict as God seems to you in his dealings with souls, he never inflicts any suffering solely to give pain; he always has their purification in view. The severity of the operation is caused by the depth of the malady to be cured; God would not cut were there no sore.

*Fénelon.*

I REGARD . . . the present world a theatre of action for the manifestations of persons' characters with reference to a future one.

*Bishop Butler.*

## COMPENSATION.

"Great is the peril or toil if the glory or gain be great."  
HUSH! oh, hush! for the Father knows what  
    thou knowest not,  
The need, and the thorn, and the shadow linked  
    with the fairest lot;  
Knows the wise exemption from many an un-  
    seen snare,  
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what  
    thou couldst not bear.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father, whose ways are  
    true and just,  
Knoweth and careth and loveth, and waits for  
    thy perfect trust:  
The cup he is slowly filling shall soon be full  
    to the brim,  
And infinite compensations forever be found in  
    him.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father hath fulness  
    of joy in store,  
Treasures of power and wisdom, and pleasures  
    for evermore;  
Blessing and honor and glory, endless, infinite  
    bliss;  
Child of his love and his choice, oh, canst  
    thou not wait for this?

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

OH, yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt and taints of blood ;  
That nothing walks with aimless feet ;  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete ;  
That not a worm is cloven in vain ;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

*In Memoriam. — Tennyson.*

So long as we are in the retirement of sorrow, of want, of fear, of sickness, we are burning and shining lamps ; but when God lifts us up from the gates of death, and carries us abroad into the open air, to converse with prosperity and temptations, we go out in darkness, and we cannot be preserved in light and heat but by still dwelling in the regions of sorrow.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

SLEEPE after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly  
please.

*Edmund Spenser.*

KNOW how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

*Longfellow.*

ART thou consumed with soul-afflicting crosses?  
Disturbed with grief? Annoyed with worldly  
losses?

Hold up thy head: the taper, lifted high,  
Will brook the wind, when lower tapers die.

*Quarles.*

### LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home —  
Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene, — one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.



So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

*John Henry Newman.*

THINE eyes shall see the king in his beauty ;  
they shall behold the land that is very far off.

*Isaiah xxxiii. 17.*

**FINIS.**

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